

Tainted Love by reitvelds

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: (it's not violent but the nature of the trope is a little iffy so...), (tagging noncon/dubcon just in case), Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, First Time, Light Angst, M/M, Sex Pollen, dubcon

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Summary:

"It was a complete accident. This was reiterated, several times, by both parties. No-one was to blame. Yes, it was Steve's idea to go back to the woods to see if there was any way to retrieve Barb's body for her parents (and definitely not to make Nancy like him). Yes, Jonathan was the one to insist that he didn't go alone. Yes, Steve did ignore his warnings not to touch anything. But no-one, no-one, could have known that creepy plant would release those spores. And they definitely had no idea what they would do."

Tainted Love

Author's Note:

this started off funny and then got sad in the middle...and then got funny again. whatever.

i tagged it as dubcon just because the trope is always sort of dubcon, if that's not your cup of tea i'd suggest staying away but it's not violent/triggering at all

thanks for reading, and as always feedback is appreciated as i'm inexperienced writing smut

February 19th, 1984

Hawkins, Indiana

It was a complete accident. This was reiterated, several times, by both parties. No-one was to blame. Yes, it was Steve's idea to go back to the woods to see if there was any way to retrieve Barb's body for her parents (and definitely not to make Nancy like him). Yes, Jonathan was the one to insist that he didn't go alone. Yes, Steve did ignore his warnings not to touch anything. But no-one, *no-one*, could have known that creepy plant would release those spores. And they definitely had no idea what they would do. So, no-one was to blame. This was important. It could not be overstated just how blameless both teenagers were for what had happened, just as it could not be overstated how little Hopper wanted to be listening to this story.

At first, they had both thought Steve was fine. He coughed as the cloud of black spores engulfed him, and Jonathan was instantly at his side, hand on his shoulder.

"Steve, man, you okay?"

"I'm – I'm f-fine," the taller boy spluttered, hand on a tree-trunk for support. "What the hell were those things?"

“I don’t know – damn it, I told you not to touch anything!”

Red-faced from coughing and embarrassment, Steve looked up sheepishly, eyes streaming. “Yeah, I know. Sorry.”

“Dumbass,” Jonathan said with a hint of affection, rolling his eyes and turning to look around them. The Upside Down was as horrific as Nancy, Will and his mom had told him. It looked ostensibly like the woods behind his house, but twisted and dark, every tree covered in slime and black, glistening vines, flakes of ash floating down like the aftermath of a nuclear blast. Steve had bitched for a solid five minutes about getting slime in his hair when they came through. They hadn’t really expected to find another gate. Jonathan guessed, correctly, that Steve wanted to at least *feel* like he was doing something for Barb, albeit posthumously, and for Nancy as well, to make up for how shitty he acted before. Jonathan guessed it was kinda...sweet, how guilty Steve obviously felt. He treated Jonathan with exaggerated politeness, constantly calling him *man* and *dude*, trying to form a bond, probably for Nancy’s sake since she had been hanging out with Jonathan more and more lately. Jonathan didn’t mind it as much as he thought he would.

Behind him, Steve succumbed to another bout of nasty coughing. Jonathan glanced over at him edgily.

“Mom said Barb was in the library, but that’s like, miles away from here. I think we should give up. At least we tried.”

“I – I don’t wanna just *try*. I wanna actually...” The coughing overtook him again. “...Actually *do* something for her.”

“I don’t know, man, that cough sounds pretty fucking bad. I don’t know what those black things were, but if they were poisonous... and didn’t Mom and the Chief say this place was toxic?”

“And you said your brother was pretty much fine, once they got him to the hospital. And he was here for weeks. We’ll be here for an hour, two, tops...” The coughing started again. Jonathan shook his head.

“No way, man. This was a bad idea in the first place. I know you think Nancy’ll go nuts for you if you get fucked up looking for Barb,

but it's not worth dying over, seriously. We're going back." Steve may have put up more protest, but Jonathan grabbed his arm and pulled him back towards the new gate they found. *Gotta tell the Chief about that. It can't mean anything good.*

Once they were back in their world, Steve's cough seemed to subside. His skin was a little more flushed than usual, but Jonathan dismissed it. He had better things to think about, or at least he thought he did. The gate he and Nancy found closed up right after he pulled her back through, but this new one didn't, pulsing faintly with a dull red light, like an embryo or something. It made Jonathan feel faintly sick to look at it.

"I told you I'd be fine," Steve complained, wiping slime from his clothes and hair with a grimace. "Damn, this stuff is *disgusting*."

"I think you should go to the emergency room, just to be sure."

"And say what? While I was nosing around a hell-dimension in the woods looking for my girlfriend's dead best friend I happened to breathe in some creepy looking spores and I'm worried I might be allergic or something?"

"Okay, maybe not."

"I'll be fine. Come on, let's go home if we're going." He turned around abruptly, shoulders hunched with anger, kicking moodily at a dead branch. Jonathan sighed and followed at a slight distance, feeling a twinge of regret at stopping him. He had no idea Steve really cared that much.

Later that night, sat at the dinner table with Will and his mom, he was still thinking about it. That kicked-puppy look, the dejected sigh, the way he stalked off once they reached the road, hands thrust in his pockets, nothing to say to Jonathan except a gruff "So long, Byers," over his shoulder. Jonathan started to feel guilty himself. But it *was* a completely insane idea. If they hadn't been poisoned by the atmosphere, they'd have been eaten by some fucked up monster. No, better that they left while they still had the chance.

"Jonathan, honey, you okay? You've hardly eaten anything."

Jonathan looked up from his plate into his mother's concerned, wide eyes.

"Yeah, I'm fine...I had a big lunch," he lied weakly, feeling the familiar twinge he always did whenever he lied to his mom. She worried so much, and was always so trusting, that Jonathan could hardly bear to do it. But sometimes it was for her own good. She didn't need to know about that afternoon, she'd go crazy. She was still, perfectly naturally, twitchy after the events of the past few months, and if she knew Jonathan had gone poking around in the place she'd almost lost Will to...

Speaking of, his little brother was still acting weird. All thought of Steve having long since left his head (see, bigger things to worry about), Jonathan studied Will closely, at how pale he was, the shadows under his eyes, the way he too picked at his food. Back in the Upside Down, Steve had said Will was 'pretty much alright', but Jonathan wasn't so sure. It was understandable, that even after three months he wasn't quite right – none of them were – but that didn't alleviate Jonathan's creeping sense that something was off with his kid brother.

With all the worry in his head, it was perfectly understandable that he didn't think about Steve again until midnight, when he was woken by the phone ringing through the silent house.

His mom hadn't woken up, which was unusual for her since after Will's disappearance she had become especially sensitive to the sound of the phone. Later, Jonathan would thank God she hadn't come to the phone that night, though. The shrill noise rang through the empty hall and Jonathan had the sudden feeling that whatever it was, it was urgent, and he shouldn't let his mom and Will know what was happening. Paranoia pumping through his veins, he crossed to the phone in two strides and grabbed the receiver, silencing the shriek.

"Hello?"

"J-Jonathan?"

"Steve?" *What the hell?* All Jonathan could hear on the other end of the line was heavy breathing and shuffling, slick noises. He couldn't

make it out exactly, but there was this faint noise, almost like crying, almost like whimpering. Jonathan felt heavy in the pit of his stomach. Something was seriously wrong.

“Steve? Talk to me, man...”

“J-Jonathan, I...I need you to come over here.”

“Are you okay?”

“N-no, I...just get over here, please? Something’s...something’s wrong.” The already static-filled connection crackled, like the receiver on the other end was being shaken. Steve’s breathing was loud in Jonathan’s ear, and it definitely didn’t sound normal. He gasped for breath like he was dying, and Jonathan knew immediately he never should have let Steve go to the Upside Down.

“Okay, I’ll be there. Just stay calm, okay?”

“Come in the front, my parents aren’t home...the – the door’s open.” More half crying, half whimpering. Jonathan swallowed dryly. “Please, please Jonathan...*hurry*.”

Jonathan slammed the receiver down and pondered his options. Steve’s house was way on the other side of town, and the need to get to him quickly itched under his skin. For one thing, he’d really rather not let Nancy’s boyfriend die because he was too much of a pushover to tell him no, and for another, he could no longer deny how worried he was about Steve himself. From the sounds of things, if he didn’t get there quick, Steve would be in serious trouble. But if he took the car, his mom and Will would wake up, which would land him in even more shit. Jonathan paced a little, working things over as quick as he could. Was the car worth the risk? He decided yes. If his mom woke up...he’d find some way to explain it to her. Right now, Steve had to be his priority.

Joyce woke to the sound of the car engine rumbling and the beams of the headlights sliding quickly past her window. Filled with dread, she crept to Jonathan’s bedroom, and the sight of the empty bed made her sick with worry, but it was too late. The car was long gone, and wherever her eldest son had gone in the middle of the night, she

would just have to wait for him to come home.

When he got there, the house was dark, but round the back Jonathan could just make out the faint glow of Steve's bedroom window. The door was closed but not locked, and Jonathan moved quickly up the stairs to the landing. Bracing himself for the sight of whatever gross eldritch disease those spores had infected Steve with, he paused on the landing, hearing the same noises he had heard over the phone, but muffled. Something about them gave Jonathan the feeling he should probably knock.

"Steve? It's Jonathan, I'm here."

For a minute, there was nothing but those desperate, distant gasps. Then - "C-Come in."

The dull, warm glow came from the lamp on Steve's night-stand, but the main lights were off, the curtains flung open and the windows wide open to the cool of the February night, the pale glow of the moon the only other light source. Jonathan didn't understand, at first, but when his eyes adjusted to the light and alighted on the teenage boy curled on his side on the crumpled, sweat-soaked sheets, he understood why the windows were open. Steve's skin was almost *glowing* with heat, fever-bright, slick with sweat. His hair, usually so perfect, was flat and damp and sticking to the nape of his neck. Jonathan couldn't see his face, because it was clamped into his pillow, but what he could see was almost scarlet. Jonathan's gaze travelled down, down the muscles of Steve's side and back, highlighted by the sheen, to where his long legs, still encased in his jeans, crossed and twitched desperately. To the hollow of shadow that his left hand was lost in as his hips jerked uncontrollably into it. Heat spread to Jonathan's own face, and he wet his lips.

Steve turned a little, and Jonathan saw the mixture of desperation and humiliation twisting his face. He didn't stop touching himself.

"Jonathan, I'm sorry, I - I didn't know who else to - I'm s-sorry..." His voice fell into moans again. Jonathan shook his head, trying to clear his mind.

"The spores did this to you?" *Stupid question.* Jonathan braced for a

sarcastic comment; *Duh, Byers, what else?* But all Steve could do was nod shakily, his hips still jerking frantically. Jonathan took a cautious step forward and now he could see the scarlet flush in Steve's cheeks, lips swollen and red where he had bitten them, pupils blown so only a slim circle of colour remained in his eyes.

"I can't – I can't –" He looked like he was *dying*. Jonathan's stomach flipped. It might have been funny, *should* have been funny, but it really wasn't.

"You can't what?" It was only then that he noticed – Steve's stomach glistened with sweat and pre-cum, but nothing else. *Oh, this is bad. This is really, really bad.* "You can't cum."

Steve was shivering all over, like he was running a fever. Jonathan had only ever seen someone look so much as close to this sick once before – Will, when he was eight. He had a fever that lasted three days. Jonathan and his mom had both thought he was dying. He almost had died, and he was weak for months after the fever broke. Steve was worse. So much worse. Jonathan moved a little closer, reached out a hand to touch Steve's shoulder, try and calm him down, but he shook his head violently and lurched away. Jonathan asked the question he really didn't want to ask.

"Why didn't you call Nancy?"

Steve gave him a tortured look, but didn't answer. He didn't need to, really. Jonathan could guess why, and his guess made his stomach flip and brought the blood rushing to his face. *He didn't want Nancy. He wanted you.*

Steve's lashes fluttered, and the light caught the sweat on the hollow of his neck as he turned to look at the ceiling, face burning. Jonathan tried very hard to push down *those* feelings, the things he'd been feeling whenever Steve was near him for longer than just tonight. He tried even harder to keep his eyes on Steve's face, rather than looking down, at his long fingers moving restlessly over his slick, swollen, over-sensitive prick, but the sight of his face wasn't much less erotic, the helpless look in his lust-blown eyes, biting his lip to try and stay in control, and failing. Jonathan bit his own lip in sympathy.

“What...what do you need?”

The fingers of Steve's free hand dug into the sheets and twisted. He screwed his eyes shut, his expression a mixture of mortified embarrassment, agony and the bone-chilling fear of being rejected. “I need...you...in me. Jonathan, I'm so sorry, I'm sorry...” His breath came out in panicked gasps. “I need you. Now, now, I need you...” Tears filled his eyes as he looked up through haze of lust, searching Jonathan's face for the disgust and anger he was sure would be forthcoming. It was what he would have done, had he been in Jonathan's place. Just to save face, to keep on hiding what he really felt. He would have turned away and run, rather than help the boy he loved. But Jonathan was braver than he was. Steve knew that. He wasn't afraid to be who he really was, to be compassionate.

Jonathan's mouth was as dry as a desert, and he was stiff and aching in his jeans. How many times over the last few months had he imagined Steve saying those exact words? And felt guilty for imagining it, and known it was wrong, to want to fuck your friend's boyfriend. And been sure Steve would never, in a million years, feel the same. He'd long ago grown out of feeling guilty for liking boys, knowing he couldn't change, and not really wanting to, taking pride in being different, armouring himself in that pride. But wanting Steve...that had been a step too far. Imagining Steve's disgust, Nancy's hurt, if they ever found out...that had cut Jonathan deeper than he cared to admit. But now Steve was lying in front of him, splayed out with that delicious, incredible look in his eyes, cock diamond hard and twitching helplessly, begging Jonathan to take him. All thought of Nancy, of how this would change things, about the morals of fucking someone who clearly wasn't in their right mind, let alone whether this was really Steve talking, or just whatever the spores had done to him, was slowly leaving Jonathan's brain.

“Are you sure...I mean...”

“I'm sure.” Steve panted, limpid, luminous eyes boring into Jonathan's. “I can't keep this up for much longer...Jesus, Jonathan, I...I need you.” Jonathan could see that whatever else was going on, Steve's body was so hot he should pretty much have passed out by now. Jonathan was no doctor, but he knew what happened to a human if their temperature got above 104. If the only way Steve was

gonna cool down was to reach climax, and if he could only do that if he actually had sex... Jonathan choked down a hysterical burst of laughter. God, this was insane.

“Okay...okay. Just breathe.” It was the absolute worst of ideas, but Jonathan’s mind and his body weren’t on speaking terms any more, it seemed, because he started rifling through Steve’s night-stand, knowing he’d find condoms and hoping, faintly, for lube as well. If that failed, he guessed the kitchen would have...something. Maybe olive oil. He suppressed another wild giggle.

“Top drawer, at the back,” Steve managed to gasp. He felt like something was sitting on his throat, and his skin was so hot he almost felt *cold*, and his cock kept up the throbbing, dull ache it had for hours. He felt like he was soaked in arousal, covered in it, drowning in it. His heart was beating so fast, he was sure it would give out the second Jonathan touched him, but the anticipation was killing him just as quickly. He needed this, needed it like air. Jonathan’s touch, his cock, was a physical imperative for him now.

Jonathan found the condoms, and more surprisingly, the lube. “Helps to be prepared for anything, I guess,” he muttered, dropping them on the bed. Laughter shuddered from Steve in painful gasps as he finally let go of his cock and wiped his hands on the equally-damp sheets, running his hands through his sweat-soaked hair shakily. Jonathan paused for a moment, and then tugged his shirt over his head. His movements felt dull, slowed-down by the adrenaline pumping through his veins. He had never done this before. He knew it was lame, but Hawkins was a small town and finding a gay guy his age who was attractive and who also happened to be attracted to him was like finding a unicorn. *Was*. Before now.

“You’re my unicorn,” he murmured distractedly to himself, the words slipping out. Steve’s mouth curved into a shy hint of his usual sarcastic grin, but he gave no other sign that he’d heard him.

Jonathan’s hands were shaking as he pulled Steve’s already unbuttoned jeans down and off, along with his underwear. He wanted to stop then, to drink in how gorgeous he was, but Steve grabbed the pillow behind him and whimpered “Hurry up, hurry *up*,” and Jonathan remembered how much pain he was in along with the

arousal. He grabbed the lube, uncapped it, fingers still shaking so much he was in danger of dropping the bottle. He coated his fingers and pressed hesitantly into Steve's hole, surprised at how easy his fingers slipped in. He guessed those spores had further-reaching effects than they realised. Steve made a strangled moan in the back of his throat, one hand gripping the pillow, the other clenched in the sheets, his Adam's apple bobbing as he arched his back, every muscle clenched. Jonathan moved his fingers in and out carefully, making sure Steve was as open and slick as possible. It didn't take as long as he imagined it would, and within seconds he could fit three fingers inside him. He could feel Steve clenching around him, trembling like a live wire.

The room seemed to shimmer with heat as Jonathan unbuttoned his own jeans with shaking fingers and awkwardly stood to shove them off. It felt like he was moving underwater, every movement agonisingly slow, his legs shaking with the tension. Steve was mumbling incoherently, reduced to monosyllables by the anticipation. Jonathan knelt between his spread legs and placed his hands on his burning thighs. *The condoms. Wake up, idiot.* He grabbed them from the bedspread, ripped the foil jerkily and slid one on. His prick was painfully hard, though nowhere near the level that Steve must be feeling, he knew. Shivering, Jonathan placed the tip at Steve's entrance. Steve looked up at him, eyes huge and black, drawing him in like black holes.

"Go on, go *on*, please please Jonathan," he gasped, knuckles white on the sheets, the cords of his neck standing out like piano wire. "Oh God, I need you so fucking bad, I need you, I *need* you -"

Jonathan slid inside him. Oh Jesus fucking *Christ*, he was so hot, so tight, so fucking tight... Steve's head whipped to the side, teeth buried in the pillow, a scream forcing its way through his clenched jaws, and Jonathan froze, terrified that he'd just made everything worse.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry -" He started to pull out, but Steve's hand gripped his wrist and stopped him, nails digging in painfully.

"No, no, don't stop," he half screamed, "Just fuck me, fuck me, please just..."

Jonathan needed no more encouragement than that. Letting go of all his doubts, he pressed into Steve, revelling in the tight tunnel clenching around his cock, in Steve's expression, eyes wide with the overwhelming sensations, sweet mouth falling open, and the *noises* he made... Jonathan's fingers ran through Steve's hair and then used it as a handle to pull their mouths together, tongues sliding over one another, gasping and moaning into each other's mouths. Everything was heat and wet and the ripple of Steve's muscles under his sweat-slick skin and his thighs around Jonathan's hips. No matter how close they pulled each other, it wasn't quite close enough, they still wanted more.

Steve felt so full, his skin was aching, his whole body throbbing, his prick twitching and bobbing of its own accord. He'd felt on the edge of orgasm for hours now, but now the torture was alleviating, and he could feel himself rising to a huge peak, so good and so hot that it frightened him a little. He didn't think he'd felt this incredibly good in his life; he was out of control, riding Jonathan's cock like his life depended on it which, he guessed, it kind of did. And God, it felt *amazing*. Jonathan's skin, his arms around him, his hot breath in his ear, lit him on fire. Nothing existed but Jonathan's cock filling him up, completing him, fucking him. Steve arched his back and stiffened as he felt orgasm finally approaching. Lightning struck through his veins, and his head was going to explode, he was sure, and his fingernails scrabbled frantically at Jonathan's back as it came upon him. He buried his head in Jonathan's neck, sobbing, trying to anchor himself to reality as he exploded, covering both their stomachs, his untouched cock twitching and spurting.

Jonathan kept fucking him through it, unbelievably turned-on, but Steve pushed him away frantically, whimpering from the overstimulation. He lay there, dazed, eyes unfocused as Jonathan peeled off the condom and stroked himself to completion, adding his cum to the load already cooling on Steve's stomach.

As Jonathan lay holding Steve, stroking his hair, he realised he felt cooler, his heartbeat slowing. He opened his mouth to ask how he felt, but saw Steve's eyelids drooping and thought better of it. Instead, he got up to close the windows and turn off the light, and then went to the bathroom. Running the tap, he dampened a paper

towel and went back to clean Steve up, going gently around his still sensitive entrance. Then he climbed into bed beside him, wrapping the sheets around them, and drifted off to the sound of Steve's steady breathing.

When Jonathan opened the door to his house early the next morning, he was horrified, but not exactly surprised, to find his mother waiting for him.

"Jonathan Byers! Where the *hell* have you been all night!?"

"Mom – I'm really sorry -"

"You should be! Are you kidding me, Jonathan! After all we've been through, you think its just fine to skip out on me in the middle of the night and not tell me anything! Not even leave a note! I've been worried sick all night -"

"I know, I know – listen, Mom, it was really urgent – no, no listen." He pondered how to explain it with the least amount of detail. "Steve – Steve was really sick."

"Steve Harrington?"

"Yeah..." Time to come clean. Kind of. "Mom, don't freak out – we went to the Upside Down."

"Oh, no! Why would that make me freak out!?"

"Just listen! It's not closed up. There's still gates in the woods, well, at least one, and there's stuff in there that's dangerous, besides the Demogorgon."

"No kidding! You went there to investigate it or something?"

"No, we went there to bring Barbara's body back. We didn't get that far before this creepy thing released these spores and infected Steve."

"Okay, we're going to the station and explaining this to Hopper, right now."

"Yeah, good idea, he'll know what to do -"

“What he’ll *do*, hopefully, is chew you and Steve out for even going down there! Are you crazy!”

So that was how Steve and Jonathan ended up sat in the Chief’s office, red-faced, explaining with the least amount of grisly details exactly what had happened to them in the Upside Down and the...er, *interesting* consequences. At the very least, Hop thought, it would discourage them from ever going back. (You’d have thought the grisly murders and the faceless monster would have done that job, but no.) When they had finished, he sighed, leaned back, rubbed his eyes.

“Okay. I’ll take a look at that gate today. And guys...don’t do it again.”

“Yes, Chief,” both boys said in hasty unison, faces glowing. They probably wouldn’t venture in the Upside Down again. As for the...*other* thing...

Hop sighed again as they left. “Teenagers.”